WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 8.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1804. [WHOLE No. 112.

AMANDA:

A TALE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

[*Continued from Page* 50.]

"I SHALL pass over in silence (continued Amanda,) the various stratagems he adopted to obtain each interview without the knowledge of Mrs. Darnley, and merely say that he quitted Bath upon our removal from it, and never passed a day without seeing me until I had proved my tenderness at the altar.

"Whether my aunt had any suspicion of our intention, or whether illness had affected a temper naturally sweet, I cannot pretend to say; but one morning, soon after our unfortunate union, she positively declared, that if I married Alphonso, he never should inherit a sixpence of her fortune.——This resolution, so alarming and unexpected, rendered it necessary for us to act with still more circumspection, and the apprehension I endured that my situation might be discovered, absolutely occasioned an alarming illness.

"Mrs. Manners, who was acquainted with our secret, fortunately arrived in town about this period; and, fearful that her friend must suspect the marriage, entreated her to permit me to try the benefit of country air; and within a month after my departure from London the lovely boy, whom your humanity rescued from destruction, taught me to feel a mother's fondness.

"The regular accounts I received from London of the debilitated state of my aunt's health, induced me to quit the country before my own was in a situation even to bear the journey; but as my husband had provided a nurse for the child, within a few doors of my intended residence, the prospect of again embracing him was a double inducement for my own exertions, and I arrived in London before the occasion of my absenting myself from it had been suspected by any part of the family.

"My beloved aunt's affection appeared to have increased by this temporary separation; and the improved appearance of my person gave an animated glow to her countenance, that at once proved both her sensibility and her tenderness.

"My Amanda!" Said she pressing me to her bosom as she spoke," "I knew not till we parted how much I loved you, or how necessary your presence was to my happiness; yet do not suppose that I mean selfishly to prevent you from partaking of those pleasures I can no longer enjoy, or expect that a girl of your age should devote the choicest moments of her life to the amusement of a being, whose mind and body are equally debilitated: but as I cannot entirely relinquish the gratification of your society, and at the same time wish you to have the power of mixing with the world, you will not be surprised at my receiving with delight a proposal from Sir Edward Forbes, that appears calculated to insure the felicity of us all.

"His elder son, a young man of high honor, engaging manners, and independent fortune, lives but in the hope of calling you his own; and as a proof of the strength of his attachment, consents to be burthened with the company of an old woman, for the sake of enjoying the society of a young one.

"In short, my love, his proposals are at once so honorable and disinterested, that it was impossible for me to hesitate about their acceptance; and I have only to hope that my Amanda has conquered her partiality in favor of an undeserving object, and that she will be able to place her affection upon one every way deserving of her.

"To this speech, uttered with a voice of softness and solicitude, I was wholly incapable of making any reply, but my countenance described the agitation of my feelings; and my amiable relation,

anxious to relieve the situation of my mind, assured me no restraint should be put upon my inclination; yet conjured me, for her sake, to receive the attentions of Mr. Forbes, who, she flattered herself, would be able to make an impression on my heart.

"Whilst the amiable young man, in whose favor my aunt had taken so warm an interest, was daily evincing the tenderness of his attachment, my heart was torn by contending emotions. Alphonso—the faithless Alphonse!—for whose sake I had hazarded the loss of more than a mother's fondness, neither came, sent, nor wrote to me; and though, on our separation, he had promised to contrive to see me in less than a fortnight, five months elapsed without hearing a word from him.

"My child who had been placed at nurse as a relation of Mrs. Manners, was the only source from whence I derived consolation; and the gratification I should have enjoyed in his infantile caresses was embittered by the constraint I was forced to put upon my feelings.

"Mr. Forbes, perceived, and commiserated the dejection under which I labored, and, with all the warmth of disinterested affection, conjured me to make him the sharer of my sorrows. His voice, his look, and his professions of tenderness, would have made an impression on the most callous heart; and unable to sport with such generous sentiments, I made a frank confession of all my sorrows.

"He heard me with mute but agonized attention, and, throwing himself upon the sofa near which he was standing, for some moments concealed his face within his handkerchief; but, recovering himself within a short time, he exclaimed——"Oh, Amanda!——dear unfortunate Amanda—teach me to bear thy afflictions with resignation, and my own sorrows will sit lightly on me!"

"There was a something in his voice and manner that gave a sudden horror to my heart; yet I fancied his agitation proceeded more from *disappointment* than *sympathy*, and endeavored to calm him by an assurance of my friendship.—My aunt's partiality had greatly increased, and she seemed determined to cherish the hope of his becoming her nephew, in spite of the reluctance too perceptible in me. I therefore conjured him to devise some means of reconciling her to the impracticabilty of the scheme, and besought him to save me from reproof and censure.

"Reproof and censure!" "exclamed my lover, in a tone of deep dejection:"——"Who shall dare reprove or censure *purity* like *thine!* Yet, art thou pure?——ah! no!——a villain, a base villain, has undone thee!" So saying he rushed out of the room, leaving me alarmed, terrified, and confounded.

"A few moments' recollection convinced me that the disappointment of his wishes had created a sudden disorder in his intellects, and I indulged the hope that a short time would reconcile him to the necessity of his fate, and enable him to bear the mortification with composure. Notwithstanding this idea, my aunt perceived something had occurred to depress and pain me; and as I was under the necessity of ascribing it to some cause, I informed her that Mr. Forbes had been suddenly indisposed, and had acted in a manner so phrenzied and alarming, that it had produced an unusual agitation in my feelings.

"A messenger was instantly dispatched to Sir Edward's with enquiries after the state of his health; when, judge of my astonishment and apprehension at being informed he had quitted the house in a post chaise and four, without assigning any reason for his journey.

"The conduct of my husband had not weakened my attachment, and a thousand terrifying ideas rushed instantaneously on my mind. that Alphonso was the object he intended to pursue, scarcely appeared to admit of a doubt; and that the consequence of such a meeting might be fatal, had too much of probablity for its support not to create a thousand terrors!——My aunt perceived the conflict in my feelings, and, imagining it proceeded from attachment to her favorite, endeavored to console me with an assurance of his safety.

"I had been so long accustomed to conceal my sentiments from this excellent woman, who deserved my utmost confidence, that I suffered her to indulge this idea; and, instead of frankly avowing the duplicity of my conduct, increased my guilt by additional deception.

"A fortnight elapsed without intelligence of my lover, during which time my mind was tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions; and my fears had gained so compleat an ascendancy, that the most fatal certainty could not have exceeded them. The wished-for news at length arrived;——and judge of my horror at perusing it.

"TO AMANDA.

"TO wound a heart softened by sensibility, and to agonize a breast composed of tenderness, is one of those distressing employments, from which the mind of man must recoil with horror; yet such, Amanda, is the office I undertake. Yes, dearest, best, and most unfortunate of women, the being who sympathizes, venerates, and adores you, is going to agonize that gentle bosom with a tale which harrows up his very soul, and leaves him destitute of all ——but Pity.'

"You must recollect, my adored Amanda, the anguish I endured during the recital of your affecting story; though, probably, at that period you attributed it to a different cause, and imagined that the hopeless situation of my own passion had reduced me to that state of phrenzy which interested your feelings; but it was for *you*, Amanda, that I suffered; it was *your sorrows* that I found insupportable; and I would willingly have resigned all pretentions to your hand, could I have felt convinced that you were *lawfully* Alphonso's.

"Start not, my beloved, at the bold assertion——but, Alphonso is a—*deliberate abandoned villain!*——who has basely seduced thy innocence and honor; and, under the specious, artful *name* of *husband*, tarnished that fame a *vestal* might have prized! Abjure him from thy thoughts——banish him from thy remembrance;——for know, Amanda, he was married two years before thy beauty fired his breast. A sad conviction of this truth flashed on my mind as soon as I heard his name; but yet, I hoped the tale was false:—would I had been deceived!

"I have pursued him, Amanda, near four hundred miles:——we have

fought, and yet the monster lives! He is wounded, though not dangerously, but is prevented going on board the packet, which is to convey him to Ireland, by a wound which he received under his left arm. Oh! dearest Amanda, might I hope you would chase his abandoned image from your mind, and occupy it by the remembrance of a man who adores you, then might bliss and joy reanimate this breast—then might I look forward to days of happiness, and nights of soft repose!

"Your marriage with this monster is absolutely invalid, and, fortunately, your friend alone is in the secret. In me you will find a being grateful for that felicity you alone can confer, and eager to anticipate your every wish. Yes, Amanda, we may yet be happy. Your child will find a father—you will secure a friend—and your venerable aunt is anxious to receive me as a relation. But I will plead my passion when I am able to travel: at present I am a close prisoner in my chamber; Alphonso's sword passed through my arm, and the surgeon has still some doubts of saving it. But to you, my beloved, I was resolved to write, in spite of the constraint which he has laid upon me. Spare your aunt the knowledge of every thing that relates to this unfortunate affair;——and oh! Amanda, shield thy breast from sorrow!——Yes, most adored of women, consider that the peace of him who lives but in your smiles depends upon your resignation! Farewel ---May guardian angels succor and sustain you!

"EDWARD FORBES."

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

From the interresting Letters of Mr. Austin.

ERSKINE, Gibbs, and Garrow, are the three most powerful speakers in the courts of law.

The person of Erskine is slender, his height not exceeding the common size, his complexion sallow, his hair dark, his face oval, and a little emaciated, the lower part of his forehead prominent, yet gradually retreating, his eyebrows full, a little perplexed, seated near his eyes, which are hazel, open and conciliatory, his nose, narrow between the eyes, yet perfectly congenial, neither too large nor too small, his mouth gently closed, seeming ready to await the dictates of his tongue, yet not large enough to give his eloquence its just tone, his lips thin, meeting in union, and when irritated, rather inclining to retreat, than project, his chin, gently retreating, which, in conjunction with his forehead, bespeaks the man firm, yet modest, positive, yet ingenuous.

His countenance, when in a state of repose, is prepossessing, but when he speaks, his gestures are rhetoric; his looks, persuasion; his voice, eloquence; in the glow of animation, commanding, but in the moment of passion, when self convinced, he is pure intelligence: disdaining every by-road to conviction, he strips the cause of all its surrounding circumstances, places it on its own position, true to nature, paints it visibly to the eye, and buries in oblivion every interfering particular. Both judge and jury are prostrate in chains. It is the contention of principle, no matter whose, or what the interest; if heaven were concerned, it is still the contention of principle. Of all causes which could arise, the present seems to involve the deepest consequences: there is no distinction now between the great and the little, every thing but the point in question is forgotton; Erskine and his cause are sovereign over all. Now flows the fountain of justice, now are explored the recesses of iniquity, now are the deep foundations of fraud broken up. His eloquence becomes a torrent which sweeps away every mound which art or subterfuge had raised: no longer has the law a single hard feature; no perplexities, no uncertainties, no idle evasions! Saturnian Jove descends with his equal scales, cunning retires in shame, oppression lets go its victim, and innocence is seated on the throne of equity. At length, Erskine himself, by degress is forgotten, and forgets himself; he rises to an effort not his own, and sinks under superior feelings, while the judge and jury, convinced even to enthusiasm, are impatient to withhold the verdict.

O, sacred tribunal? guarded in the spotless ermine* of justice. O, hallowed walls! where party spirit never enters, where the oppressed breathe an etherial element. O, glorious institution! which chains the passions of men, and checks the exactions of self interest, by the intervention of a jury. O, venerable judges! whose sacred office knows no bias, whose sympathy is never wakened but in the cause of humanity.

I know not with whom of the orators of antiquity to compare Erskine. He possesses neither the voice, nerve, nor vehemence of Demosthenes; but he has more cordiality: the audience of Demosthenes is driven, you see the goad; that of Erskine follows, you see the leading string. While the one shows both of his hands clenched, you see the arms of the other extended. While Demosthenes stamps with his feet, Erskine only shows his arms a-kimbo: while the one assumes a look of defiance, the other pauses a moment, with open eyes. He has all the grace and elegance of Tully, and, like Tully, is anxious in a qualifying exordium, to round all the angular points of his cause. He has less art, is more rapid, more earnest, more original than Tully, and if the periods of the Roman are more majestic than those of the Scotchman, Erskine's is the fault of the English language. Yet he has not Tully's reach of learning, tho' I suspect, in case of a surprise, Erskine's readiness would extricate him, when the Roman would sink under the weight of his own erudition. He has not the confidence nor the grandeur of Pericles, but he attatches you quicker. Pericles is willing to impose on you, Erskine's first concern is to make friends. While Pericles is throwing the gauntlet, Erskine is on the defensive, watching the moment of doubt or indifference beckoning. Imperative, the one stands erect, and will take nothing which he cannot extort: submissive, the other inclines forward and appeals to impartial justice.

Erskine will suffer nothing on being examined as a man: his profession has not defaced his original features of greatness. When engaged in a weak or unjust cause, he never sacrifices his hardihood of honor, to the views of his client. He says all that ought to be said; yet never commits his own dignity by urging a corrupt principle. You see nothing of the Attorney, Erskine is a Counsellor: you see no partizan of

petty advantages, Erskine is a gentleman.

He is serious, or witty, at pleasure, and when the occasion offers, and he is disposed to descend, he can, like Roscius, turn off a case in pantomime.—Among the thousand actions which are presented him, some appear, on trial, to have originated in mirth, and others, in impudence: this Proteus is ready in a moment to throw off the professional buskin and re-add the sock.

I have followed Erskine to the House of Commons, forming to my mind the attitude of a man, treading empires under his feet, and holding in his hands the destinies of the world. If, in a petty court of law, he could move heaven in behalf of a poor orphan, or an oppressed widow, surely in presence of the British Parliament, when the fate of nations is depending, the front of opposition must cower beneath his frown, or follow in the wake of his triumphant path. But the moment he enters Parliament he disappears. He is only one among five hundred. An Arab would never kill Erskine, unless he caught him in his gown, band and wig;† with these he seems to put off his whole virtue. As a statesman, Erskine is nothing. I do not say he is a great man in a little room; but Erskine, addressing twelve men, in a court of law, and in the British Parliament, addressing the speaker in behalf of the nation, is not the same man.—He commences, indeed, on a broad foundation, but ascends, like a pyramid, and either produces an abortion, or attains to the point, and terminates where he should have begun. In Parliament, he discovers nothing of that copious precision, that ascending order, that captivating fluency, that earnest conviction, which, at the bar, stamp him Erskine. In Parliament, he labors with a harrow through the impediments of politics; now it catches hold of Pitt, then it interferes with a straggling limb of Hawkesbury, now it tears away the skirts of Addington, presently it is to be lifted over the body of Windham. He concludes, and the impression which he made is already effaced. Adieu.

* The robes of the Judges are faced with ermine.

† The English Lawyers are dressed, when in Court, in a gown, (black) band and tie wig.

(From the Balance.)

THE EXCHANGE OF TOBACCO FOR WOMEN.

VIRGINIA, so named, in honor of Elizabeth the virgin queen of England, was the eldest sister among the British-American colonies: and she has never been scrupulous in claiming, from her younger sisters, the full amount of respect and homage, that belongs to seniority.—The first *effective* settlement of this "Ancient Dominion," as Virginia has been called, was in the year 1609; thirteen years before the settlement of Plymouth in New-England.—The emigrants came over to Virginia, not by pairs, as the creatures went into the ark, but without wives and families; and were mere adventurers in quest of wealth, who determined, as soon as their fortunes should be made, to return to England. As this determination, carried into effect, might have been fatal to the colony, Sir Edwin Sandys, in order to attach the colonists to the soil, and to prevent their return, advised the Proprietors in England to send them over a cargo of young women, and to exchange these *necessaries of life* for tobacco.——This prudent advice was followed: and accordingly, in the year 1620, ninety girls were sent to the Virginia planters at one time.—A freight of sixty more was sent the next year. A species of commerce so highly advantageous was not declined by the planters. The love of *woman*, in this instance, completely triumphed over sordid avarice, insomuch that files of gallant Virginians were to be seen, carrying down to the ship, with a hasty step, their bundles of tobacco, and, after making the exchange, conducting home their dear spouses. At first, the value of a wife was estimated at one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco: but as the sale of this precious commodity was rapid, the price soon rose to an hundred and fifty pounds. Indeed it reflects no small degree of honor upon the generosity and gallantry of the planters, that they should voluntarily give such prices for their wives; especially when it is considered that king James of England, who was so bitter an enemy to smoaking, that with his own royal hand he wrote a book against it, had prohibited the Virginians from raising tobacco, beyond the annual quantity of one hundred pounds each. Under these circumstances, the purchase of a wife must have cost a planter fifty per cent more than his whole tobacco crop, for a single year.

It would seem that some of the planters were under the necessity of purchasing their wives on credit; and in order to prevent evasions of payment, which otherwise might likely have happened, especially if they found themselves cheated in their bargains, the general assembly enacted, that "the price of a wife should have the precedence of all other debts, in recovery and payment, because (says the assembly) of all kinds of merchandize, this was the most desirable." In fact, though *bona fide* debts have not always been recoverable by law, in Virginia; yet, in this instance of "the most desirable kind of merchandize," the legislature, much to its honor, solemnly ordained that, in case of the purchase of a wife on credit, the purchaser should pay the tobacco, even to the last ounce, that he had contracted to give for her.

The memory of such a remarkable piece of history as I have been relating, ought, I think, to be perpetuated by some public monument. As wool is the *staple* of Britain and the prime source of its wealth, it has been a custom, time out of mind, for the first lord of the treasury to sit upon a wool sack: and with equal, if not greater propriety, might the speaker of the Virginia assembly be seated upon a sack of tobacco; seeing this odoriferous plant has not only been the staple of commerce, in the ancient dominion, but also the basis of population.

ZENO

(From the Monthly Mirror.)

EFFECT OF PRESSING.

THE following melancholy anecdote, the effect of pressing, was communicated by Mr. B****, proprietor of an extensive dock-yard.

A young man had served an apprenticeship of seven years to him, during which he had acquitted himself very much to his satisfaction: the young man had formed a tender affection for a most amiable young woman, of his own age, to whom, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was to be married.——

The time for their union was appointed, but, unfortunately, the day before it was to take place, press-warrants were issued—he was dragged from every thing that was dear to him—hurried on board a tender, and next morning sent to the Nore, without so much as seeing his intended wife, or any of his relations. After being in the service all the war, he was paid off about six months ago. He came home, and married the young woman to whom he was betrothed. He applied to Mr. B. for employment, who made him his fore-man.—— Mr. B. believed him to be as happy and contented as a human being could be; but, alas! his happiness was doomed to be of a short duration: he was again forced away from his beautiful and amiable wife, already six months advanced in pregnancy. The privation of her husband had such an effect upon her, that she miscarried; and, it grieves me to add, that she is now no more. When the death of this amiable young woman was made known to her husband, in a fit of distraction he stabbed himself to the heart, and thus terminated both his miseries and his life.

THE FOLLOWING STORY WAS RELATED IN A VIENNA PAPER OF JULY 1788.

"ACHMET MAROWA was the son of an eminent magistrate of Belgrade, with great merit and fine accomplishments. He had long addressed Fatima, the only daughter of Hassan Buglo, a bashaw in the armies of the Porte, and on the morning of the day on which the siege of Belgrade commenced, led, exulting to the altar of Alla, one of the loveliest women of the empire. Most of the distinguished families of the place, on the approach of the imperial troops, retired to Barrowza, and other places further down the Danube; but the nuptials of Achmet and Fatima, and the rapid movement of our forces prevented that otherwise fortunate pair, from taking shelter in the interior country till the investment of the city was complete.

"On the night of the fourth of June, however, Achmet determined at all hazards to convey his bride from the imminent perils to which she would be exposed during a siege that threatened scenes of carnage. He had her dressed as a young man of fashion; and putting himself in the habit of a slave, left the city at twelve o'clock at night hoping to avoid our guards, and to reach a place of safety before the return of the day. Unhappily for the wanderers, they had scarce begun their midnight meander, when loud peals of thunder appalled the heart of the distressed Fatima; torrents of rain succeeded, the darkness increased, the fugitives wandered about bewildered and forlorn, till upon the gleam of day, they found themselves surrounded by a patrolling party of Hungarian Hussars, and were hurried to the main guard.

"The prince of Cobourg having notice given him immediately, that a youth of apparent distinction, attended by a slave, was taken in his camp, ordered them to be kept apart; and if, on examination, any circumstance occurred that should mark them as spies, their execution should take place instantly. To the interrogations that were put to Fatima, she replied that she was the son of a merchant of Belgrade, and attended by a poor domestic of her father, and only wished to join her family at a village about ten leagues distant. She, however, was soon given to understand, that the manner of their being taken precluded all apologies from having the effect she wished; and that the rigid usuages of war allowed her but half an hour to live. She received this dreadful information without manifesting any perturbation, and only begged that her slave might be permitted to carry her friends a few remembrances that she had particularized.

"While she was closing this request, she beheld the beloved Achmet, surrounded by armed men passing the door of the tent she was in. As she had not doubted of his safety, from the servility of his appearance, she enquired in an agony of agitation what was to be his fate? and was answered—"immediate death." At the word *death* she shrieked out, and fell from her seat in convulsions. The officers around her flew to her assistance; and, to give her free respiration, unbuttoned her waistcoat; when, to their amazement, they found their unhappy prisoner a lady.

"The execution of Achmet was suspended, until the prince of Cobourg could be informed of these particulars. The generous chieftain examined each of them apart, and received such information, as convinced him that they were not the insidious agents he had suspected. The heroic Fatima and her husband were furnished with habits befitting their real situation, and before the close of the day, safely escorted to the village whither their despairing friends had retired.

FRUGALITY.

A COLLECTION was made to build the hospital at Bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money came to a small house, the door of which was half open; from the entry they overheard an old man scolding his servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might be of further service. After diverting themselves awhile with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought 400 guineas, which he put into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, could not help testifying their surprise; and told the old fellow what they had heard. "Gentlemen, said he, your surprise is occasioned by a thing of very little consequence. I keep house, and save or spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. Always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts." When he had spoken thus, he turned them out of his house without ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking half so much of the 400 guineas which he had just given away, as of the match which had been thrown into the fire.

LESSON FOR COURTIERS.

AN Indian prince, one day desirous to try the sincerity of his courtiers, ordered an infusion of tobacco to be served up instead of coffee. As soon as

they had tasted it, they looked at each other with amazement and then cast a timid glance towards their master, who took his cup, and praised it highly.—— "Excellent! excellent!" re-echoed the courtiers, and drank their portions to the dregs.——Would all masters try their courtiers by the same test, they might possibly find them equally false and hollow hearted.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 24, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 39 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 5—apoplexy 1—casualities 2 (one of whom Miss Seaman, was drowned by having accidentally fallen into a cistern—the other, captain Lovell, was found dead in the East-River) convulsions 2—croup 1—debility 1—diarrhœa 2—dropsy in the head 1—dysentary 1—inflammatory fever 1—flux 2—hives 1—inflammation of the brain 1 inflammation of the bowels 2—peripneumony 1—sudden death 1—whooping cough 1———*AND EIGHT OF THE SMALL-POX.*———*Total* 39.

Of the above 13 were men—6 women—8 boys, and 12 girls.

Of the whole number 9 were of and under the age of one year—4 between 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20——8 between 20 and 30—5 between 30 and 40—1 between 40 and 50 and 2 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 1 between 70 and 80.———

SUICIDE.

Mr. Perkins, of the Theatre, put a end to his existence on Thursday morning by taking a large quantity of laudanum. This act is said to have been induced by the infidelity of his wife, who has gone away in company with a capt. of a vessel.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

AS the wife of Samuel Streeter, of Sturbridge, was sitting alone by the fire, late in the evening of the 19th ult. she was taken in a fit, and fell into the fire. After some time, she awoke from the paroxism, and by her struggles got out of the flames. Her husband, who was in bed, was awaked by her groans, sprang in the room, and found her sitting on the floor all on fire, her clothes and hair being mostly consumed. With a pail of water he extinguished the fire; but in a few hours after in the most indescribable agony, she expired.

A Mr. Sawyer of Piermont, (Vermont) we learn, perished in the late snow storm, about a dozen rods from his house, as he was returning from the tavern.

DEPRAVITY OF OLD AGE.

A decrepit man, a tinker, in low circumstances, in the neighborhood of Spitalfields, some time ago buried his wife, about a month after which he took home a second woman; but his labor not answering their expenses, they separated, and he took a third, who, like the other two, was fond of the juice of the juniper; she did not live long:—— four days after he took a fourth, who was also fond of white port, alias gin; promised to marry her; but after a sound sleep forgot his promise, and fell in love with a fifth; the former being jealous of the latter, they fought an obstinate battle. People interposed and separated the combatants; the man being the cause of this indecent scene, he was about to be taken up, but found his safety in flight. The parish-officers, however, are in search after him, for his immoral conduct, and for being a nuisance to the neighborhood.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Friday, 16th November,

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY, *(T. Dibdin.)* and ROSINA, *(Mrs. Brook.)*

This is a pleasant Comedy, abounding in humor and equivoque, and well stored with incident and interest.——As the arrival of *Mr. Cooper* has induced the *Manager* to lay it aside, during his stay, we will not give a particular account of it, until it is again brought forward.

Monday, 19th November,

MACBETH, *(Shakespeare)* and ADOPTED CHILD.

Mr. Cooper having been announced as engaged for *twelve nights in succession*, made his debut this evening in the arduous part of *Macbeth*.——*It is needless to say the house overflowed.—Mr. Cooper's* person appears to be much the same as when he left us, but his attitudes are wonderfully improved. His voice which was always the first male voice we ever heard, is stronger and more flexible than ever.

We cannot at this time, accompany *Mr. C.* through the varied situations of the victorious general, the ambitious conspirator, the bloody assassin, the cowardly tyrant and desperate victim of guilt and superstition, or we might bestow the highest commendation on each: we can safely pronounce all to be far beyond any thing we have witnessed.

Mrs. Melmoth's Lady Macbeth and *Mr. Martin's Macduff*, deserve high commendation.

Wednesday, 21st November,

JANE SHORE, *(Rowe)* and the ADOPTED CHILD.

Mr. Cooper's Hastings appeared to us still more perfect than his *Macbeth*, tho' it is not so great an exhibition of talents. *Mrs. Johnson* looked indeed the beauteous *Shore*.

Mr. Tyler appeared for the first time in *Dumont*, and played with feeling and spirit.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday, 14th inst. capt John May, of Haddam, (Conn.) to Mrs. Margaret Dwight, of this city.

"She blush'd like the morning in *May*."

Same evening, Mr. John Beeze, to Miss Ellen Jenkins, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 15th inst. Mr. Abraham Van Goasbeak, esq. of Kingston, to Miss Eliza Smith of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Mathias Beach, of Newark, to Miss Eliza Gay, of this city.

On Thursday evening, last, Mr. James Grant Forbes, merchant, to Miss Frances E. Blackwell, daughter of Mr. Joseph Blackwell.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Jonathan Smith, aged 17, to Miss Rebecca Van Norden, aged 16.

On Thursday evening, Mr. William Ash, to Miss Elizabeth Noe, all of this city.

On Monday morning last, Mr. C. B. Brown, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Linn, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Linn, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Samuel Delaplaine, to Miss Catharine Fink.

At Pluckemin, (N. J.) on Monday the 5th inst. Mr. Peter I. Nevers, of this city, merchant, to Miss Catharine Lane, daughter of Mr. Mathew Lane, merchant, of that place.

DIED,

On Friday last, Mr. Thomas Annely, gunsmith, after a lingering illness.

At Elizabeth-Town, (N. J.) of a nervous fever, on Thursday morning the 15th, Robert W. Halstead, son of Dr. Robert Halstead, of that place, and partner in the house of Halstead & Cunningham, of this city.

On Friday evening last, in the 19th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Ward, a student at Law.

Last evening, of a decline, Mrs. Patience Oakley, wife of Mr. Wilmot Oakley, merchant o this city.

JUST PUBLISHED,

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Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

THEATRE.

EVACUATION OF NEW-YORK.

On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 26th,
In commemoration of that HAPPY EVENT which restored our exiled Citizens to their fire-sides, and gave assurances of those blessings we now enjoy,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

The celebrated Comedy of, The

School for Soldiers.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The favorite Drama of,

BLUE BEARD.

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JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens' Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets.—Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brass, Iron and Wooden bound. Coolers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvitæ Pestle and Morters. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lilly Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

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PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

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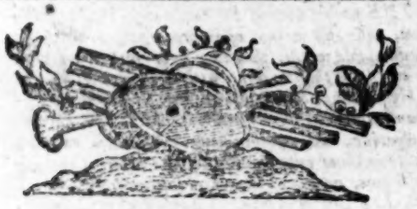
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.



FATHERLESS FANNY.

A BALLAD.

By Mrs. Opie.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around,
As cold as the lips that once smiled upon me,
And unyielding, alas! as this hard frozen ground,
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,
But few to console and to love me, if any,
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance at most
Repays the exertions of fatherless FANNY.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by and approved!
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents I loved.

And at night when I brought them my hard-earned gains,
Tho' small they might be, still my comforts were many;
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,
My father stood watching to welcome his FANNY.

But, ah! now I work by their presence uncheered,
I feel 'tis a hardship, indeed, to be poor,
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endeared,
And I sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.

Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims, "Thou art welcome my FANNY!"

That, that is the pang! want and toil would impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart,
The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,
With the accents of kindness, O! deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless FANNY.

From the Palladium.

FROM THE SHOP OF SIMON SPUNKEY, Esq.

Mr. Spunkey,

I have been a long time in a dolorous situation, in consequence of having been troubled with that sentimental kind of passion which often makes a "man of feeling," such as myself, turn pale, wax meagre, and hang, shoot and drown himself, unless Miss Delectable *deigns to be condescending, &c. But finding my fairest absolutely determined to be as* cruel *as she is* charming, *and that my politeness and assiduity, were lost on the dear object of all my soul's desire, I gave vent to my superabundant vexation in the following ditty, which I shall denominate,*

THE DESPONDING LOVER.

A SONG.

I'M in love with a lady
Who is fairer than *May-day;*
And though I have often times told her
I am ruin'd forever,
Unless I can have her,
No December storm can be colder.

To a ghost I'm declining,
To a splinter I'm pining,
You may see the sun shine through my thin sides,
*Betwottl'd, Betwitter'd,**
To a shadow I'm fritter'd,
And a *fricasee* made of my insides.

My tears mix'd with sighs trickle,
But *her* heart's an icicle,
Which never by me can be melted;
And when I'm alone, Sir,
I grunt and I groan, Sir,
By the storm of her cruelty pelted.

But the hard-hearted fair,
Says she should not care
If I were as dead as a herring,
With a heart like a feather
She'd go any weather,
And dance all the way to my bur'ing.

Well, since I can't please her,
I think I won't teaze her,
But seek me some other sweet pretty one,
Who, if not quite so killing,
Is a little more willing
To condescend kindly to pity one.

RICHARD DUMPLIN.

*. New words, which may be inserted in future editions of American Dictionaries.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of discharging reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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